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support and encouragement of the people.

Photo-sculpture, an art lately introduced into this country, is attracting considerable attention from its ingenuity and facilities for economising labor. Several specimens of the art are now on exhibition at Putnam's Art Gallery; among others, statuettes of General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and Horace Greeley. Viewed from a purely artistic point, they are but poor affairs, lacking in expression, grace, and beauty. The truth is, in sculpture we want something more than a mere representation of the figure—expression, thought, and, to a great extent, ideality. These photo-sculpture does not give us—we have hard, practical statues of the men, in which their coats, boots, and trousers are undoubtedly true to nature, but in the faces we miss that individuality which only the true sculptor can give us—a something that is beyond the power of merely mechanical appliances. Photo-sculpture may be made useful to the statuary in the rougher parts of his work, but in those nicer points of detail and execution, which can only be brought out by the practised hand, it is next to, if not entirely, worthless.

PALETTA.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

After the oasisian delights of "Caste," last week, come the Saharian horrors of a new local drama this. "Under the Gaslight" is the title of "a totally original drama of life and love of the present day and this vicinity," by Augustin Daly, produced at the New York Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Daly is the dramatic editor of some eight or ten New York journals, and from so constantly writing about the drama, would appear to consider himself capable of writing a drama; heretofore, he has dramatized with tolerable success several novels, but "Under the Gaslight" is the first dramatic effort of his prolific pen which purports to be "totally original." It would have been better, perhaps, for Mr. Daly's reputation, had he adhered to dramatic criticism.

"Under the Gaslight" is comprised in five acts and tableaux innumerable—there is a young woman who isn't what she appears to be, but is somebody else, but who, in the end, turns out to be a totally different party—there is the cold-hearted woman of society; women of society are always cold-hearted—on the stage—there is the beautiful but heartless coquette—there is the young man who talks sentiment—there is a heavy villain who, for some unknown reason, is always desirous of kidnapping or murdering somebody—there is his depraved female accomplice in crime—there is a "soldier messenger" who talks continually of "his country," "the old flag," and "Uncle Sam"—there is an erratic gamin—there is the inevitable "funny young wo-

man"—there is a grand sensation scene—everything, in short, that goes to make up an approved local drama, and show us how love is carried on "at the present day and in this vicinity."

These characters and incidents are carried through five acts of very dismal dialogue, and become so confused and jumbled together that one comes away from the theatre with his brain in an inextricable tangle—not having any very clear idea whether Laura Courtland, the heroine, is Laura Courtland or whether she is Laura Byke, or, if not, who she is. All this is, perhaps, very delightful, and undoubtedly reflects infinite credit upon Mr. Daly as an accomplished dramatist, but in this hot weather the mental capacity required to unravel the plot of "Under the Gaslight" is somewhat beyond the reach of ordinary mortals—it might, perhaps, be well to hand around among the audience some slight explanation of the plot, as by this means they would not be in such a state of blank and hopeless muddle, and their minds might be put at ease regarding the identity of the heroine and other mysterious matters connected with this great effort of genius.

One of the best points in the play, from a locally dramatic point of view, is the great "sensation scene." Byke (Mr. Studley), accompanied by his pal Judas (Mrs. Wright), has come down to Long Branch for the purpose of robbing the residence of the Courtlands, and, as a matter of course, killing somebody. He has been tracked, however, by Snorkey, the soldier messenger, (Mr. Mortimer,) who overhears the plot and determines to rescue the Courtlands. He, in turn, is tracked by Byke, who overtakes him at the railroad station, pinions him with a rope, lays him across the track, and leaves him to be cut to pieces by the down-coming express train. Laura Courtland (Miss Eytinge), oversees all this proceeding, however, from the station-house, and rushes out just in time to drag Snorkey from the track when the train goes thundering past. All this is undoubtedly new, original, and in all conscience sensational enough to satisfy the most exacting local mind.

The play is fairly acted throughout, Misses Eytinge, Blanche Grey, Mrs. Skerret and Wright, Messrs. A. H. Davenport, Mortimer, Studley and Parsloe, representing their respective characters with considerable effect, while the local scenery is carefully and cleverly painted—the exterior of "the Tombs," "the piers of the Hudson River," and the "Down Express Train," (with two points of admiration,) calling forth outbursts of great delight from the audience.

Altogether, Mr. Daly may be congratulated upon having written a very remarkable play.

At Wallack's, a dramatization of Dickens'

"Old Curiosity Shop," under the title of "Little Nell," by John Brougham, was produced on Wednesday evening. Too late for notice this week.

The motion for injunction having been denied, "Caste" is still being played at the Broadway Theatre to large and enthusiastic audiences.

At the Olympic, "Pocahontas" has given place to "Flies in the Web" and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Mr. Brougham playing his inimitable Corydon Foxglove in the former; and Mr. H. S. Murdock, a crude but rather talented young actor, essaying the part of Jack Ragget in the latter, with some success. They have a remarkably clever sou-brette at this establishment in the person of Miss Alice Harrison, who, with study, promises to be one of our best, if not the best actresses in this particular line.

Next week we are to have Mrs. Lander at the French Theatre as "Elizabeth." Another moth!

SHUGGE.

THE INHARMONIOUS ORGAN-GRINDERS.—As a capital illustration of the ill-effect of want of harmony between man and wife, the following anecdote is presented for the consideration of our readers:

A German advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set, at the command of any one of the audience. This made a noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurors or philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table, with its back against the wall; the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played; and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent. This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him had he not behaved most inharmoniously toward his loving wife one day, just before the performance. The room was crowded as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said in a soothing, coaxing manner—

"Do play, my coot organs."

Still not a sound was heard. He got out of patience and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out:

"Ay do; preak the organs as you proke my head dis morning."

This was too much for the choleric German. He took a chair and gave the instrument such a knock that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife.

Herr Goldberg has left London for the Continent.